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SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1900.

MAY CIRCULATION.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of May, 1900, all in regular editions, was as per schedule

Date.	Copies	Date.	Copies
1	80,180	17	84,260
2	80,210	18	84,100
			86,090
			ay 84,120
			83,060
			83,450
			82,410
			82,570
			82,840
			84,970
			y 83,890
13	90,280	28	82,820
18 Sunda	T84,770	29	82,090
			82,810
			82,130
	84,460		
			2,584,635

ing, left over or filed...... 63.143 Net number distributed 2,531,492 Average daily distribution 81.661 And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned or reported unseid during the month of May was 9.06 per cent.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirty-first day of May, 1900. J. F. FARISH. Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo. My term expires April 26, 1901.

NO TIME FOR DELAY.

A new crisis has developed in the lighting situation brought about by an unfortunate uncertainty as to the willinguess and ability of the Kern Incandescent Gaslight Company to fulfill its contract with the city, and the moment has come when that company must make a most complete and definite demonstration of such willingness and ability if its contract is not to be forfeited

This the Kern company promises to do, telegraphing to the Board of Public Improvements that it will present such insure satisfactory fulfillment and commust be in hand for the meeting of the Tuesday, at which time it is imperative has achieved good results. that conclusive action shall be taken. There is no time for delay.

The city's contract with the Kern company promises certain advantages which were not discernible when the bids were submitted by the competing companies. It is not to be denied that the successful bidder has been subjected to much embarrassing obstructionist work since the award of contract, and it may be that these tactics have prevailed to bring about the present unsatisfactory conditions. It is to be hoped that the Kern company will be able next Tuesday to so fully prove its ability for the performance of the service contracted for that these conditions will be removed and this phase of the lighting problem disposed of satisfactorily.

THE PASSION PLAY.

Among the notable features presented in this morning's Republic is the full text, illustrated, of the famous Passion Play of Oberammergau. This is the first time that the authorized version of this play, so intimately connected with Christian interest throughout the universe, has been presented in this way. The accompanying pictures were drawn from photographs taken at Oberammer-

modestly draw public attention to some of its morning's offerings in the field of news, where it stands, as usual, first among Western journals that pursue the China, hard to get and of immense importance the world over, will be found in these columns, not only this morning, but all mornings, completer and better in all respects than it will be found in any other newspaper in the Western

When newspapers entered the field of half-tone printing, The Sunday Republic was one of the very first to present this form of pictorial art to its readers. Throughout a long period of experimenting and constant improvement The Republic, daily and Sunday, has continued its balf-tone endeavors. Public attention is especially drawn to the examples in this morning's paper-real triumphs in sun and shade for fast presses on ordinary news paper.

UNION MARKET SALE.

The project of obtaining funds for the erection of a new City Hospital by selling Union Market, which the fiscal authorities of the city have well on the way to completion, seems to render unnecessary the discussion which has been going on as to whether the accumulations of the water rates shall be used for the erection of a City Hospital or for the construction of a filter plant to supply St. Louis with clear, sightly water, above suspicion as to purity.

There are many reasons why it would be better to obtain funds for the erection of a City Hospital by the sale of . In this condition of things the Boers

vould take some time and would necessitute a vote by the people of St. Louis for the issuance of additional bonds. If Union Market is sold for the amount specified, work on the new hospital can begin at once. The use of the water rates accumulations for the erection of a City Hospital would put it entirely out of the power of St. Louis to build a filter plant, which is conceded on all hands to be an urgent municipal need.

IT MEANS WAR.

In the late cable news of the murder of the German Minister to China, the destruction of all the foreign legation buildings in Pekin, and of the Dowager Empress An's declaration that the international troops shall not be allowed to enter that city, there is to be noted what is the cause and the probable beginning of a definite war between China and the Allied Powers now represented on the scene of action.

The outcome of this war is, of course, a foregone conclusion. It is the beginning of the end of China, a reckless provocation for that dismemberment of the Flowery Kingdom upon which the great European Powers have evidently been determined ever since the Chinese Japanese war laid bare the weakness of China. There is no extravagance in the statement that the doom of China will be sounded in the first shot fired by the allied forces outside the gates of Pekin. The peril of the present situation, however, is that it promises almost inevitably to precipitate that "general European war" which for years has been the dread and nightmare of the civilized world. It is almost impossible of belief that the conflicting interests of Russia, England and Japan may now be disposed of in the settlement of the new Chinese question without a clash between these hostile and jealous nations. For this reason the most recent news from China is ominous to a degree. It begins to look as if the Nineteenth Century's closing year is to witness what may not unlikely develop into the biggest and bloodiest war known to his-

BOSTON'S BIG RECORD.

New York should not rejoice prematurely over the statistics of comparative crime which Magistrate Deuel of that city has collected, which show that "there were more arrests for drunkenness per thousand of population in Boston than in any city in the United States," and that "more persons out of every thousand were arrested for intoxication in Boston than were arrested n New York for all the crimes in the

The statistics are rather creditable to Boston, for the reason that Massachusetts has a law making public drunkenness a punishable offense without regard to accompanying disorder or breach of peace. Few States have such a law and nowhere outside of Boston is such a law strictly enforced. Public opinion in the Hub City demands a stringent enforcement of the law, no matter what unfair inferences criminologists may draw from the resulting statistics.

With this exceptional law Massachu setts couples the system of probation for criminals, in which a person who violates the law is not punished for his first offense, but the punishment suspended and the offender placed under the observation of a "probation officer" for a stated period and allowed to pursue his course unmolested so long as he does proofs of measures undertaken "as will not fall back into his objectionable habpliance with the contract." This proof ly to cases of public drunkenness, and according to Herbert D. Ward, Commis-Board of Public Improvements next sloner of Prisons in Massachusetts, it

> "Probation," he says in the Independ dent, "has passed beyond the experimental stage. Under its application, theoretically at least, no one should be sent to prison for the first offense. It means the closing of one-half the prisons in any State in which the system is well organized. It means the saving of thousands of lives to good citizenship and of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the treasury. Probation puts a man on his honor and brings out the nerve there is in him to rehabilitate himself in

VIRTUE REWARDED.

Years ago a popular practice with teachers of everyday ethics was to inculcate their lessons by stories of welldoing rewarded in strange ways. They told how a kind man stopped on his way to a train to take care of a lost child how he missed his train as a result and how he thus escaped death marvelously when the train was wrecked and all or board were killed.

An effort seems to have been made to apply this method of instruction to the escape of Mrs. Russell Sage from serious injury in a fall in which some bundles she was carrying formed a cushion for ber bead. "Had Mrs. Sage not been so democratic as to carry her own bundles she would doubtless have been severely injured," moralizes the philosopher.

This method of instruction may serve a good purpose with very young chilworld's happenings. Information from dren. It is hard to see how it can serve such a purpose with older children. That philosophy is healthier and saner which leaves fortuitous rewards and punishments out entirely and teaches that every act is rewarded or punished, as it is right or wrong, by its natural, in-

evitable consequences. Such a philosophy would not be subject to disheartening assaults from scoffers like that carried in the story of the two soldiers. One soldier was moral, the other profligate. In a battle each soldier was struck in the breast by a rifle ball. The ball which struck the moral soldier imbedded itself harmlessiy in a small Bible he carried in the pocket of his coat. The profligate soldier had no Bible to stop the bullet that came at him. He had a deck of cards.

LIKE PHILIPPINE WAR.

In one of his dispatches Lord Roberts points out that if the Boers are deternined to maintain the struggle the tainous nature of the country in which the fighting will be done is largely in their favor. As there the Boers will see no reason to abandon the struggle, believing they can lose nothing by continuing and gain nothing by giving up the fight, it is not unlikely the war will go on in a way for months. It will be a guerrilla warfare carried on by men who are at home and show no lination to leave their home.

Union Market than by a transfer of the can deprive Great Britain of a large por-

water rates accumulations. The transfer | tion of the gain it expected from the war. Great Britain cannot remove her soldiers from South Africa because the weakening of her forces would mass the Boers instantly and force the resumption by the British of operations in

> The practical abandonment of Pretoria and Johannesburg by the Boers, followed by the report of the capture of a British squadron and the cutting of Lord Roberts's communication with Bloemfontein, shows that the Boers have abandoned all idea of meeting the British in force.

As a matter of fact the British in South Africa are face to face with a situation precisely similar to that which confronts the Americans in the Philippines, and there is little outlook for an early end of hostilities in either place. The way of the imperialist is hard.

PARTY ABOVE ALL.

The best Democrat is the man who puts party safety above self. The worst Democrat is the man who allows his personal ambitions to stand in the way of party supremacy.

Democratic interests in Missouri at the present moment are such as to demand absolute unselfishness among the leaders. While The Republic cannot echo the pessimistic note of Governor Stone's speech at the Jefferson City convention, it must insist upon the need of unflinch ing party devotion at the present stage of the campaign. The party's principle and programme must not suffer because two or four or eight men have personal differences or private ambitions.

The past two weeks have been fraught with much that is of grave concern to the party's organization in this State. The forthcoming fortnight may develop for good or ill to Missouri's Democracy The friends of two of the best known leaders in the State have done the unwise thing of making open declarations of hostility one to the other.

This is not Democracy; it is not a vote-making policy.

If these men and their supporters de sire to deserve the best of their party they will have no more quarreling in the public eye nor will they permit their personal differences to become a part of the Democratic record in Missouri.

This is a time for the effacement of self. Paraphrasing a sentence from Governor Stone's Jefferson City speech, are the quarreling leaders to be party men of practice or of pretense?

OBSERVERS DIFFER.

One fact that stands out clear and unobscured from the mass of testimony taken by the Coroner at the inquiry into the Washington avenue riot of last Sunday is that man is a poor observer. The remarkable variance in the stories of eyewitnesses and the lack of corroborative facts such as identifications prove this amply. The fact that the witnesses appear to be following their onths by trying to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth makes the variation in the stories all the more remarkable.

Man is a poor observer. Even where he regards an event without any excitement, where he has full possession of his faculties, his observation is defective and inaccurate. Astronomers are forced in all their calculations to allow a margin for the "personal equation" of the observer; that is, for the time it takes for sensation to produce thought and for thought to produce action. This equation varies with each observer. vations differently, and only by making a composite or average of all these drawngs can accurate results be reached.

When such difficulties arise where exitement and danger do not impair the faculties of the spectator it can well be understood that observations would differ very widely where excitement and danger and bloodshed play a part. This is the case in the Coroner's inquiry.

In such a case the truth can only be approximated by means of averages and composites based on a comparison of those of the statements by witnesses of good credit and known veracity whose accounts agree in general substance. Recitals which run parallel in no important particular merged into a composite would work nothing but deception and confusion.

It is easy to end a war when a treaty of peace concludes it, otherwise the fighting is long drawn out and troublesome. The principals to the St. Louis street car strike should learn a lesson from the South African and Philippine wars.

There would be greater rejoicing over the news that the eclipse pictures have proved uniformly successful were it not for the fear that most of them will get into the magazines and make life a bur-

The vote of the campaign poets will probably be divided between Bliss and Long for the Republican vice presidential nomination. The poets would have to scratch to find rhymes for Dolliver.

The Republicans who thought that the fall of Pretoria took the Boer war out of the campaign seem to have reckoned without Oom Paul Kruger and his capital on a railroad car. When the Congress of American Re-

publics assembles in the City of Mexico next year it is to be hoped that Uncle Sam will not be barred as representing an Empire. It's pure stubbornness that makes the

Boers and the Filipinos keep on fighting, but it's a stubbornness that has been a characteristic of all patriots known to history. As a combination of Charley Ross and

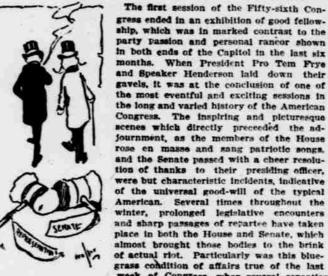
Humpty Dumpty the great and only mysteriously missing Buffoon Mayor of St. Louis is an unqualified success. That ninety-pound Alton woman who

chastised her 160-pound husband at least proved that she was worth more than her weight in husbands. The Special Gift. Never a real but a gift doth own For doing some good thing well, And in its faithful deing alone The Joys of living dwell:

Laughter and song to its work belong.
That makes our lives complets.
For the soul's content is with it blent,
And the use of the gift is sweet! What need it mean to you?
Good work is good in the Master's scheme
Who says what each shall do;
And the things that isat when your day's past
That young from the soul's upilit
That is felt alose in the rapture known
To the work of the special gift!
RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS. PERSONALITIES IN THE SENATE. .. BY ALLEN V. COCKRELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.



End of the season.

week of Congress, when several sensational conflicts occurred which served admirably to help while away the weary hours of the closing days of the session. Chief among this interesting category must be placed perhaps the most emphatic

as Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. What must have added bit ter humiliation to this decisive triumph of the veteran lilinoisan's enemies was that it was accomplished after he had virtually won the fight. In other words, "Uncle Joe" had bulldozed the House into accepting his measure, when Amos Cummings of New York, young Mr. Foss of Illinois and Mr. Dayton of West Virginia jumped into the fray and succeeded in making that very puzzling body relent and completely reverse its former vote. Messrs. Foss. Dayton and Cummings of the House Naval Committee brought in a

"turn down" "Uncle Joe" Cannon has received during his long and honorable careet

conference report on the hydrographic survey feature of the Naval bill, to which Cannon took exception and determined to defeat. The old here of a hundred legislative battles entered the lists vigorously, aided by such earnest fighters as John Shafroth of Colorado, an old Missourian, Moody of Massachusetts, Hemenway of Indiana and Burton of Ohio. In the excitement of the debate, the old man took off his collar and necktie, and with sleeves rolled up, aroused the House to a tremendous pitch of enthusiasm as he dealt the conferees sledge-hammer blows. That settled it. The veteran's evident determination "fixed" the conferees, and scuttled their report, and the House almost broke a precedent by reversing the unanimous

However, all of Cannon's exhausting labors availed him not, for his victory was but temporary. After being so sorely humiliated, the old conferees withdrew and the Speaker named new ones, led by Cannon. He accepted the appointment with alacrity and the next morning, confident of success, brought in a report-more to his liking. But a night had wrought marvels. The House had evidently sobered up and in a burst of good feeling accepted the original bill as it came from the Senate, pushing "Uncle Joe's" compromise most emphatically, distinctly and ignominiously aside, ach to that worthy's intense disgust. For once in a long time he was outmastere outgeneraled and outwitted. To an impromptu speech by Amos Cummings is due much of this overwhelming triumph of the old "Watchdog's" opponents. It was the New Yorker's premier effort of the session and abounded in sarcasm and sparkled

"Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Cummings, among other good things, "I want to say again referring to the apology just made by the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Moody). that I thought we had a jackal in the House. Jackals always precede the lion; and when this magnificent beast from Illinois was lashing his sides with his tail in his fury and roaring because he smelled fresh meat, the jackal had rushed to the front."
"Why," he concluded, addressing himself to the gentleman from Illinois, with a contemptuous wave of the hand, "why did you not stand by the proposition which the House made at the first instance? Why are you backing down at the first fire. You are misnamed. You are no cannon; you are a toy musket." This shot convulsed the house and it was several minutes before order could be restored.

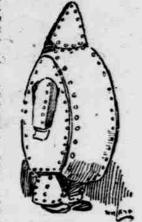
Shortly after the echoes of Cannon's defeat had reached the Senate, a simple little



question by Senator Pettigrew, threw that solemn tribunal into spasms of laughter. Senator Beveridge had asked unanimous consent to pass a joint resolution which had just come from the House. The clerk began to read the bill by its title:

"A joint resolution to donate a condemned cannon-"Does that bill," interrupted Pettigrew. like a flash, "refer to the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representatives?' The merriment which this saily created gradually swelled

into applause as the full significance of it dawned upon the authors. Another incident which added much to the gayety of Congress was a sensational speech by the Hon. Marcus Alonzo Hanna. It was perhaps the most marvelous emanation which has been perpetrated upon a long-suffering Senate in many years, and succeeded in bringing on one of the bitterest debates heard this session, in which the general receiver of the trusts, in matters of legislation, was held up by representa-



tives of the "plain people" and told just
what they thought of him. As it was practically the Senator's maiden effort, he must be allowed extenuating circumstances, although he did succeed in stirring up a regu-

This edifying spectacle was occasioned when he stood in the Senate Chamber and defended the manufacturers of armor plate, saying among other remarkable statements that "\$600 would be a fair price per ton and certainly not a big price for plating our warships. Then the storm broke and the air began to crackle in the chamber as if an electric storm had been waging. Senator Wellington of Maryland, a Republican, but an independently fearless one, quickly arose, and, in response to the Ohioan's last declaration retorted that "the Illinois Steel Company offered to make armor for \$25 per ton, but because it was not in the combine its offer was rejected." Mr. Pettigrew paid his respects to Mr. Hanna by declaring that he was trying to pay back the \$400,000 collected from the Bethlehem Steel Company in the last campaign by means of contracts made at robber prices, and Mr. Allen accused him of being the agent of the Armor Trust in the Senate, Mr. Tillman, after a sharp exchange with the gentleman from Ohio, complained, speaking in general terms, that "all million-aires were thieves and llars anyway." and Mr. Teller ended the agony by bitterly declaring that "the chief representative of the Republican party in the United States" dared to get up in the Senate and defend trusts, that he might the more easily levy contributions in the comping campaign and stated that if the people knew the truth about the doings of the present administration they would overturn it in an hour.

All together, it was a most uncomfortable hour for Mr. Hanna, to which most of

the free lances in the Senate contributed and "they do say" here in Washington that he has since become a firm believer in the old adage, "discretion is the better part of valor.

The foregoing incidents, however, were as Joe Flory's chances against Alec Dockery, when Senators Carter and Pettigrew had their sulphurous set-to on the floor of the Senate two days before Congress adjourned. The whole difficulty was stirred up by Pettigrew disclosing some of the more startling facts connected with the Republican campaign fund of 1892. The Senator, who was then a loyal Republican, in-trusted with the secrets of his party, is now a Populist, and always going forth like the lion in the Bible, seeking whom he may devour in the administration. of his lying in wait for the ex-chairman of his old party will not fade from the memory of the Senate for some little time, at least. The most sensational debate in the Senate for a decade reached its climax as Mr. Carter, driven to desperation, warned the Democratic Senators not to associate with Senator Pettigrew, "because those who lie down with dogs may expect to get up with fleas." Personalities of the sharpest character were exchanged and for almost an hour the Senate was swept off its feet. The lie by implication was frequent, and only by the most skillful maneuvering was the lie direct avoided. Had the seene occurred in a Kentucky Legislature the air would have been blue with gunpowder long before the Montanan classed Mr. Pettigrew with the cardines. Nothing like it has occurred since the day when Senator Wolcott declined to enter into a controversy with Senator Carey "because it is a waste of lather to shave an ass." Had the gentlemen implicated been from the South, it is altogether probable that even the dignity of the United States Senate would have been disregarded and guns pulled. As it was, both parties took to their respective seats after it was all over and did-nothing.

STORIES AND STUDIES OF STEPHEN CRANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Stephen Crane, novelist, poet and news-paper correspondent, died of consumption at Badenweiler, Baden, June 5, before he had reached the age of 30. Some say his death cut short a brilliant career; other that it came only after he had exhausted himself. Some say a few years more of life would have enabled him to do work which would have proven that the charm-Astronomers regarding the sun's corona | ing writings of his early life were but imduring an eclipse will draw their obser- mature products of a growing literary giant; and work would not have placed him on a taller pedestal of fame. All agree that some of the work he did was entitled to rank with the best literature of the Nine teenth Century, and that he was a very odd person. Charles Michelson, a Philadelphia newspaper man, thus describes him: "An estimate of Stephen Crane must be an analysis of two people. Crane the writer was everything that Crane the man was not. The artist was sensitive, serious, painstaking, conscientious and industrious, imbued with almost perfect taste. The man was flippant, careless, indolent, selfish and an offense against most of the canons of

society." Crane was born in Newark, N. J., in 1870. He was educated in Lafayette College and Syracuse University. He used to spend his spare time in his college days in the typesetting rooms of local newspapers. He

He went to New York in 1892 full of ambition to do newspaper work. He was un-successful in obtaining a situation, however, and got a position in a mercantile house. His wages at that time barely kept him alive. His chief recreation was in writing stories, none of which ever was in contact with the zone of razors and clean raiment. But the contact never seduced him from his untidy jeans." sisted of tours of the East Side. He embodied what he saw in these excursions in a study which he called "Maggie, Child of the Streets." When he offered the manuscript to publishers, however, none would have it. One was found who offered to print it at Crane's expense. Believing theroughly in the worth of the book, Crane took the offer as a hint and published the book at his own expense. He lived on bread and water to save money with which to pay the publisher. When it appeared in print it disappointed the author. It attracted no attention whatever-for a time. Crane had sent a copy of "Maggie" to William Dean Howells, asking him to tell im frankly if the book showed any merit. Before Mr. Howells had given his reply to Crane, he was asked in the course of an interview, who he thought was the coming American writer. He answered unhesitatingly:

"Stephen Crane."

"But who is he?" was asked. "Well," replied Mr. Howells, "I have never seen him, but here is a book he has

never seen him, but here is a book he has sent me, and he says he published it himself. If he develops the talent shown in the study of 'Maggie' I prophesy he will not have an equal in a generation."

And that is how Crane became famous. His book was reprinted, in part, by a New York paper, and, while it did not receive unanimous and unstinted praise, it secured for Crane a newspaper position and experience. It was while he was thus engaged—in the winter of 1892—that he wrote "The Red Eadge of Courage."

"The Red Badge of Courage" was first published in serial form, by a syndicate of newspapers. It was read, but did not immediately attract unusual attention. Later he wrote a number of short stories, and, armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Howells, took them to a publisher. The publisher thought them good.

"But," he said, "there are not enough of them for a book. Have you anything else that could be used?"

"The Red Badge of Courage" was first

them for a book. Have you anything else that could be used?"

Crane told him of "The Red Badge of Courage" and that work was used as the first story of the book. It almost at once attracted attention, and Crane's fortune was made. Old soldiers were the most ardent admirers of the book, for it told so graphically of the battle of Chancellors-ville—of the death scenes and blood scenes and firing scenes—that they were taken back to the battlefield. They were astound-

ed when they learned that the book was not the work of an old soldier, but of a boy-Crane was but 23 years old when he wrote it-who had never witnessed a and scarcely a regimental drill; who and scarcely a regimental drill; who knew nothing of the scene except what he had read and studied out from maps and plats, and who had never seen a man killed. The book reached London, and so flatter-

The book reached London, and so flatter. I not go to England at once, but charged out in general consists of the constant of t zenith about that time. His home was at a country place near London, where he en-tertained lavishly until his departure for

Crane's wonderful word-painting of batmade him very much in demand with the newspapers in the Graeco-Turkish War, and, later, in the Spanish-American War in Cuba and Porto Rico, His entire success as a war correspondent is not conceded by all, but he was undoubtedly a picturesque figure in the army. Mr. Michelson, who holds correspondent, says:

"Yet Crane saw it all. War showed in him a cold courage remarkable even at a time when bravery was a commonplace and an endurance totally at a variance with his slight physique. Wherever men were being killed most lavishly, there was Crane. In the trenches at Guantanamo, with the marines, at Caney, helping to bring in the wounded Rough Riders, at San Juan Hill. explained that was how he came to think in Porto Rico, Crane was ever in the thick of it, always the same desolate, disconso-late figure, with his ragged overails and buttonless shirt flapping about his emaciated limbs. He was the dirtiest man in an
army, that had no time to wash and no
clothes to change. But while the soldiers
were bound to their posts and could not trim up, the novelist was almost every day

> H. J. Whigham, who was with Crane in Cubs, and who since has been war correspondent in South Africa, once related this incident of Crane's career in Cuba: Whigham, Crane, Davis other newspaper stars with the Fifth Army Corps had gone up to the firing line during one of the most bothersome periods of the fighting around El Caney. The party was fighting around El Caney. The party was under a pretty hot fire and Crane was watching the progress of the bitter work with absorbed attention. Readers of "The Red Badge of Courage" will remember how he describes with much elaboration the actions of a man wounded to the death in battle, how he dilated on the sound the stricken man made as he lurched to the ground—a sound that was a scream, a moan, and a cry of surprise, but more than anything else a scream. This bit of description was the source of much argument. Some old soldiers who had seen man die in battle denied the accuracy of Crane's debattle denied the accuracy of Crane's scription; others only mildly questioned it; still others said a man who could write with such amazing exactitude about the death of a soldler must have seen many

> death of a soldier must have seen many men fall at his side.
>
> Crane could not answer the adverse critics. He had never seen that which he described, but he dreamily said that he knew he was right, that it must be so.
>
> That day at El Caney, while he was watching the fighting from an unwhole-some but highly advantageous position, a soldier was struck in the stemach by a bullet. The wound was instantly mortal. The man lurched, as Crane had said men in their death agony did lurch, and uttered that cry which is so wholly beyond description that only Stephen Crane, who never

tion that only Stephen Crane, who never had heard it, had succeeded in describing. As the wounded soldier fell Crane looked up at Whigham and said: "There, you heard that? What did I tell you?"

Mr. J. O'Donnell Bennett, a Chicago newspaper writer, who also knew Crane in Cuba, declares of this remarkable man:

"He had a curlous, dreamy, maundering way with him. Unless his interest was very thoroughly aroused he talked like a man half asleep, and seemed always to be looking afar off. But he could be amasingly energetic when occasion required. While men who thought themselves more practical than he were falling and falling down and getting sick and wasting money down and getting sick and wasting money in Cuba the poet and the dreamer sot his marvelously exquisite bits of description out of the island and home to his paper in some way or another, how nobody ever just knew. The only impression of energy he he smoked many cigarettes."

Crane was generous and thoughtless. It is told of him that on the return from Porto Rico after the war he brought a young colored boy he had picked up at St. Thomas. The lad had never been off the little island, where he was born, but Crane thought he would look well among his Greek servants—souvenirs of the Graeco-Turkish War—in the home he had established in a suburb of London. Crane was very fond of the boy. On the way up the tropic-reared lad suffered from the cold, and his master gave him his overcoat and shivered in the evenings himself. Crane did not go to England at once, but charged off to Havana to describe the transformation

In Cuba Crane was not a lion among the army officers. He never told good stories, his costume al-ways suggested a tramp, and he was not sociable. But he nevertheless did not lack motive. not lack society. "By the same instinct that a quail set free in a strange country ignores pigeons, doves and partridges, and knows the bob-white for his kind, so Crane in Porto Rico discovered the rebels against conventionality among the natives," de-clares Mr. Michelson. Far in advance of the last American outpost, in this disturbed village or that, Crane found unerringly the town scapegrace, the local ne'er-do-well, and the rest of the coterie, which hung around the fonds, while honest people were tending store or working in the coffee or case. Though he did not know their lan-guage, and they knew no word of his, he led their revels, and they opened their arms to him, and all the town held for such as

they was his.
"When the steamer that was to carry Crane and his fellow-correspondents back to the United States was ready to sail, everybody else was on board, but there was no sign of Crane. The steamer's whistle no sign of Crane. The steamer's wholes, and blew in vain, and finally we started a search expedition after him. In a clump of banana trees we found Crane, a clump hands the white fica-bitten pony a clump of banana trees we found Crane, standing beside the white, fica-bitten pony that had carried him all over the island. The tears were running down his cheeks. "Godd-by, El Dog, good-by," Crane blubbered, and then he put his arms around the pony's neck and cried again.
"Crane did not speak a word on the way to the steamer. Once on board he turned to look back, and there, at the edge of the

to the steamer. Once on board he turned to look back, and there, at the edge of the banana patch, stood his horse, watching him. As long as that white spot against the dark green could be seen from the chip

him. As long as that white spot against the dark green could be seen from the chip Crane waved his handscrehief."

A New Oricans newspaper man recalls Crane's unique experience of living to read his own oblituary—not only on non cocasion, but twice. He says:

"When the Cubans were fighting on their own account, before the intervention of Uncle Sam, Crane shipped as a common sailor on an old tub of a steamer bound for the lained with a cargo of contraband arms. The vessel foundered off the East Floridian Coast and all hands were supposed to be lost. The news-reached Eibert Hubbard, the poet-sage of East Aurera, N. T., and, as the novelist had once been one of his famous Phillatine household, he immediately sat down and wrote a beautiful and touching tribute for the next issue of that sprightly periodical. As the Phillstine was going to press, with the 'obtituary' as its chief feature, word was received that Crane and four others had escaped in an open boat. Hubbard was reloited, of course, but, not liking to lose such an admirable piece of composition, he let the oblituary go anyhow, with a fout note running something like this: Later—I have just learned that Steve was not drowned after all. He awam out on a hencoop. That singular composite caused Crane many a hearty laugh. Afterward, when the war was on, he went to Cuba as a correspondent and disappeared for over a month, wrestling with an attack of fever. In the interim somebody wired back that he was dead, and again the newspapers all over the country blossomed out with poet mortem appreciations' of his genius. Richard Harding Davis and others who saw him under fire, both in Cuba and during the Turko-Greelan campaign, have two saw him under fire, both in Cuba and during the Turko-Greelan campaign, have two substitutions of a week to an hour stephen of the country blossomed out with poet mortem and the process of contrast of the first time. A the was dead, and again the newspapers all over the country blossomed out with poet mortem of the country blossomed out

ality:
"Crane wore his honora, such as they were, lightly. The adulation of America and England did not intoxicate him, though, especially so far as England was concerned, it was adulation such as no man of his years ever has received at the hands of an

ever conveyed to the careless eye was that | kinds of praise that appealed to him very kinds of praise that appealed to him very deeply, however, but he did not let the world know of the pathetic satisfaction he got out of them. Last summer a man internationally famous, who knew Crane better probably than any other man living, was visiting with him at his chambers in London. Crane pulled out a battered dispatch box and drew forth a copy of an official report sent to Washington shortly cial report sent to Washington short after an important movement of a large of tachment of the Fifth Army Corps. tran a shaky finger over the lines stating that 'this important operation was successful through information furnished as a result of the courage and promptitude of a Mr. Stephen Crans, a newspaper correspondent of New York.'

"Crans bated sham and deceit. His tem-

"Crane hated sham and deceit. His temperament was subtle, clusive, nervous, and sometimes presented contradictory aspects of the oddest kind. He had the soul of a poet, and yet would often affect the bearconversation, therefore, was curiously un-even. He would dreamily speak some beautiful and brilliant thing, and, almost before the lofty words had reached the ears pavement and talk like a street child. No amount of respectful listening or tacit en-couragement would lift him back to the heights whence he just had thrown him-self in, it seemed, a spirit of sheer wanton-

self in, it seemed, a spirit of sheer wanton'ness.

"There was a singular lack of resistance
both in his character and his temperament.
His mind was eminently plastic. He possessed an almost uncanny power of projecting himself into a given situation and
coming up soaked with impressions, information, sympathies.

"His mind offered no resistance to suggestion. And the way he could convey the
atmosphere of a scene was more than effective, it was scaring."

Stephen Crane's earliest recognition as a literary man was in the acceptance by John Brisben Walker of a manuscript entitled "A Tent in Agony," which was published in the Cosmopolitan Magazine in the summer of 1883. Mr. Walker related the incident to me. He was sitting at his office in Madison Square one morning much imdent to me. He was sitting at his office in Madison Square one morning much im-mersed with accumulated work, when a pale lank, queer-looking young man came in with a roll of paper. The caller, Mr. Walker said, had a singular, furtive look that suggested the alertness of a hunted animal. There was scarcely time for the selitor to become nervous over the resuleditor to become nervous over the pecul-iarity of the young man's manner, for the visitor placed the roll before the editor and in one breath said:

"This is a fish story. I will be here in & week."
Having thus spoken, Stephen Crane (for It was he, then utterly to fortune and to fame unknown), withdrew as swiftly and

The article made six pages. Crane left with Mr. Walker's check for \$120 on an Astor place bank. He said simply:
"It is all a little too good to be true."
EDSON BRACE, i